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A Fawcett Publication



Monte Hale

WESTERN

SEPT.

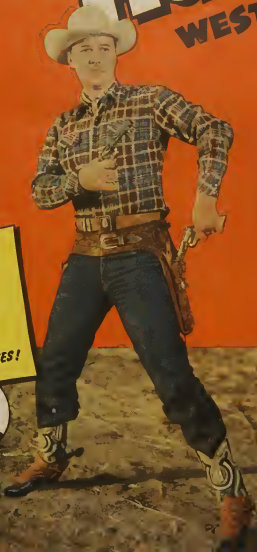
10¢

NO. 52

GUN-SMOKING
THRILLS
WITH

**MONTE
HALE**

PLUS GABBY HAYES!



HOPALONG CASSIDY ★ GENE AUTRY ★ CISCO KID & PANTO



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TREMENDOUS BUFFALO HERDS WERE THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE TO BE USED IN THE MOST STUPENDOUS RUSTLING PLOT EVER CONCEIVED IN THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST! BUT THE RUSTLERS OVERLOOKED MONTE HALE'S DETERMINATION TO STAND FOUR-SQUARE FOR THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER, AND TO MEET THE EVIL CHALLENGE WITH A FIGHTING HEART AND THE FLASHING MAGIC OF HIS LIGHTNING SIX-GUNS!

AS MONTE RACES ALONG THE RANGE...

EASE UP, PARTNER! I AIM TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT BULLETIN POSTED OVER YONDER!



TOP HANDS WANTED! I'M MIGHTY LOW ON WAMPUM--SO LET'S GO, PARD! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO CORRAL AT THE DIAMOND D OUTFIT!

TOP HANDS WANTED AT DIAMOND D



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2007

BY THE BRAND THOSE CRITTERS ARE TOTING, I RECKON THAT MUST BE THE DIAMOND D OUTFIT UP AHEAD!

HOWDY! WHO'S THE HIRING BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT? I'M AIMING ON RIDING FOR IT!

I AM, AND I RECKON I'VE BEEN PUNCHING CRITTERS LONG ENOUGH TO TELL A TOP HAND WHEN I SEE ONE! CLIMB DOWN, YOU'RE HIRED!



I LIKE YOUR HIRING STYLE, EH? PUT HER MISTER! MONTE HALE IS MY HANDLE! HEAP ABOUT YOU! WHAT'S MY FIRST CHORE? YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I NEED FOR A MAN-SIZED JOB!

MEANING THE BUFFALO HERDS THAT COME RAM-PAGING THROUGH OUR RANGE TWICE A YEAR EATING US PLUMB OUT OF GRASS! WE'VE GOT TO SIDE TRACK THE CRITTERS OR WE'LL BE RUINED!

BUFFALO ALWAYS USE THE SAME TRAILS, WHICH MEANS THEIR TRAIL CUTS THROUGH YOUR RANGE. WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING THEM TO START A NEW TRAIL SKIRTING OUR RANGE!



BESIDES THAT, WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF A GANG OF RUSTLERS THAT HAVE BEEN PLAGUING US LATELY! THE SIDE-WINDERS SEEM TO KNOW OF EVERY DANGED MOVE WE MAKE!

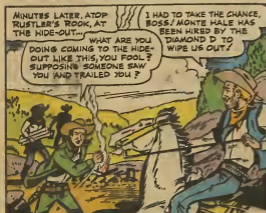
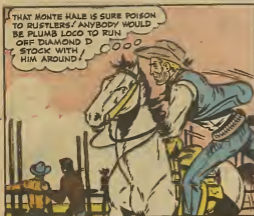
HMM! MAYBE SOME OF THEM ARE ON THE DIAMOND D PAYROLL!

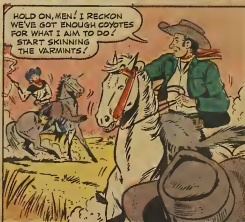
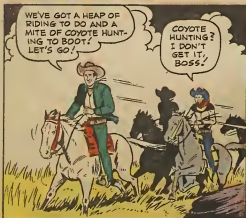
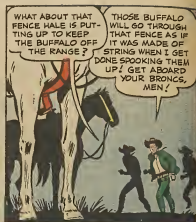
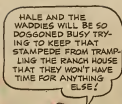
GREAT GUNS! HE PUT HIS FINGER PLUMB ON IT!

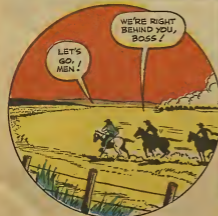
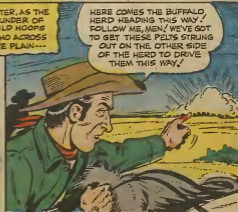
IT'S NIGH TIME FOR THE BUFFALO TO BE HITTING THE TRAIL THROUGH HERE, SO WE'LL STRING A WIRE FENCE TO KEEP THEM OUT! THEN I'LL SET MY MIND TO ROUNDING UP THOSE RUSTLERS!

I'D BETTER TIP THE BOSS OFF MIGHTY PRONTO!









DRIVEN BY FEAR, THE STAMPED HERD SWERVES FROM THE HATED COYOTE SCENT---



THERE GOES THE STAMPEDE, RIGHT THROUGH THE FENCE!

NOTHING ON EARTH CAN STOP THEM NOW! NOT EVEN MONTE HALE!



WHILE AT THE RANCH HOUSE---

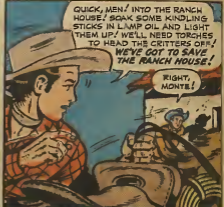
L-LOOK! THE BUFFALO ARE STAMPED RIGHT AT US AND CARRYING THE WHOLE DIAMOND D HERD ALONG WITH THEM! THE CRITTERS'LL TRAMPLE THE RANCH HOUSE INTO THE DUST!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



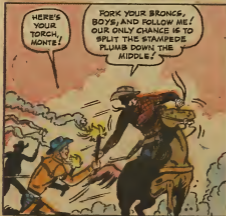
QUICK, MEN! INTO THE RANCH HOUSE! SOAK SOME KINDLING STICKS IN LAMP OIL AND LIGHT THEM UP! WE'LL NEED TORCHES TO HEAD THE CRITTERS OFF! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE RANCH HOUSE!

RIGHT, MONTE!

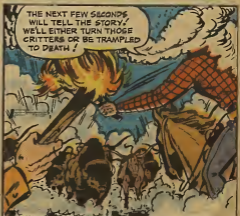


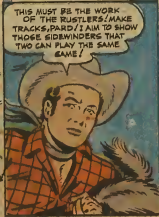
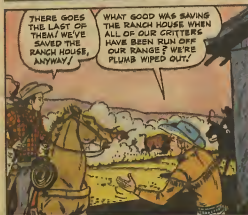
HERE'S YOUR TORCH, MONTE!

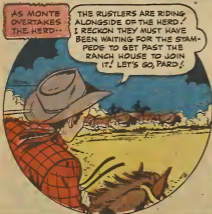
FORK YOUR BRONCS, BOYS, AND FOLLOW ME! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SPLIT THE STAMPEDE PLUMB DOWN THE MIDDLE!

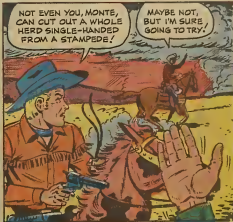
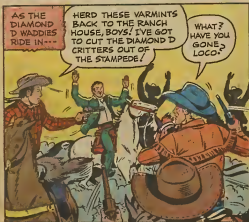
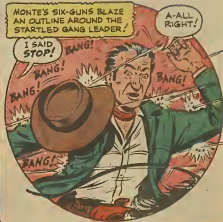


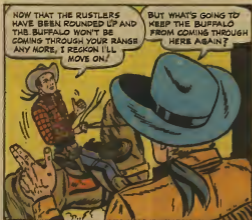
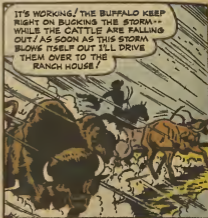
THE NEXT FEW SECONDS WILL TELL THE STORY! WE'LL EITHER TURN THOSE CRITTERS OR BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!





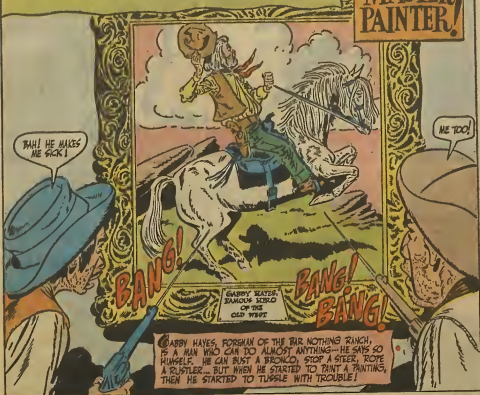






GABBY HAYES

Becomes a
**MASTER
PAINTER!**



AN ARTIST SEEMS TO CAPTURE ON CANVAS THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF THER-MOM-ETTA FALLS!



IT'S THAT UNKNOWN ARTIST, GABBY HAYES!

YESSIR, CORKER. WHEN I HEARD THAT SOME OF THEM EASTERN DUDES PAY AS HIGH AS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A PAINTING, I DECIDED TO TUB UP ONE!



BUT THE ARTIST IS NOT ALONE!









OLD SLICK

IS OIL RIGHT



LOOK AT THOSE OLD CRITTERS JABBERING AWAY AT EACH OTHER! I RECKON EACH ONE IS TRYING TUH OUTLIE THE OTHER! ALL THEY DO IS MAKE UP STORIES 'BOUT WHAT GREAT AND FAMOUS HOMBRES THEY USED TUH BE!



I FEEL A MIGHT CHILLY! I OPINE I'LL WALK OVER AND GET WARMED UP FROM THE HOT AIR THEY'RE THROWING!



---AND I WUZ ELECTED SHERIFF OF MUH OLD HOME TOWN!

SHUCKS, THAT'S NOTHING, I WUZ THE MAYOR OF MUH TOWN!

HMMMPH!



I KNOW ALL OF YUH WERE POWERFUL IMPORTANT MEN, BUT I WAGER NONE OF YUH EVER HELD A POSITION I ONCE DID!

HUH? WHAT KIND OF POSITION WAS THAT, OLD SLICK?



I WUZ A DOCTOR IN AN OIL FIELD!

HUH?

(GASP) A DOCTOR IN AN OIL FIELD?

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT... I KEPT THE OIL WELL! HA, HA!

!!!



MONTE HALE

and The HOOSEGOW STAMPEDE!

Gunslicks riding the owlhoot trail have one thing in common. They're all plumb set on getting "something for nothing." But when a passel of them aimed on using MONTE HALE, straight-shooting Troubadour of the Range, to help them—he gave them a heap more than they bargained for, when he raced to corral the HOOSEGOW STAMPEDE!



OUTSIDE THE TULAROSA JAILHOUSE, AS CABOOSE KELLY, NOTORIOUS TRAIN ROBBER, GETS WORD TO HIS IMPRISONED GANG...

HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT A WAY OF GETTING US OUT OF THIS HOOSEGOW YET, BOSS?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT IS ARRIVING ON THE 10:15 TONIGHT—AND WE'RE GOING TO BE ON HAND TO TAKE IT!



GRAB THESE SIX-GUNS AND BE READY TO USE THEM WHEN THE TIME COMES! HURRY UP! SOMEONE IS COMING THIS WAY!

SOUNDS LIKE SOME RANNY SLAPPING AT A GUITAR!

CLIPPETY-CLOP!
CLIPPETY-CLOP!

♪ OOO—
LADEE-AYY...
♪ ♪

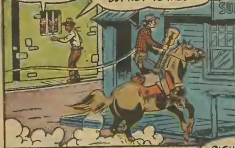
PLINK
PLUNKY
PLUNK!

GIVE ME THOSE GUNS!



GOSH, BOSS! THAT'S MONTE HALE! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LAY LOW UNTIL HE MEANDERS OUT OF TOWN! HE'S PURE POISON TO CROOKS!

WHAT? AND PASS UP THAT GOLD SHIPMENT DUE TONIGHT? DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS MONTE HALE CRITTER! HE MAY BE POISON TO OTHERS, BUT NOT TO ME!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOSS?

HALE DOESN'T KNOW ME! I AIM TO HAVE HIM HELP ME GET YOU JASPERS OUT OF JAIL, AND FIX IT SO THAT NEITHER HE NOR THE REST OF THE LAW MEN GIVE US ANY TROUBLE WHEN WE ROB THAT TRAIN TONIGHT!



CABOOSE KELLY PUTS HIS CRAFTY PLAN TO WORK ON THE UNSUSPECTING MONTE HALE...

HOWDY, STRANGER! I HEARD YOUR GUITAR SLAPPING, AND IT SOUNDED MIGHTY GOOD! I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY IT FOR A PASSEL OF UNFORTUNATE RANNIES WHO NEVER GET TO HEAR MUSIC ANYMORE?

I RECKON I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO SPREAD A BIT OF CHEER! WHERE ARE THESE RANNIES?



RIGHT OVER THERE, SITTING IN THAT JAILHOUSE! THEY'RE ALL SORRY THEY HIT THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL, AND ARE PLUMB ANXIOUS TO START LIFE AGAIN ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW! I KNOW A LITTLE MUSIC WOULD HELP!



SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY GOOD CHANCE TO DO A GOOD DEED—AND DOING GOOD IS TO MY WAY OF THINKING! I RECKON I'LL ASK THE SHERIFF IF IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PLAY FOR THEM!

SURE, IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM, I RECKON!



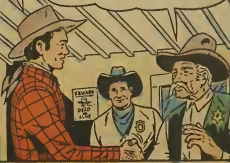
HOWDY, SHERIFF! DO YOU RECKON IT'D BE ALL RIGHT IF I PLAYED A FEW TUNES ON MY GUITAR FOR THE BOYS HOLED UP IN YOUR HOOSEGOW? JUST TO SORT OF CHEER THEM UP!

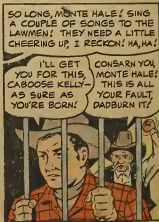
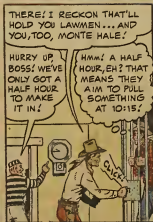
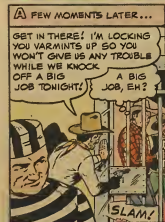
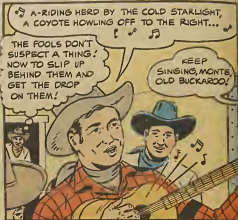
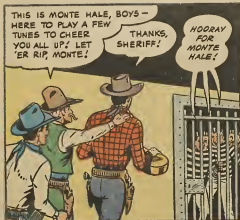
SAY, YOU'RE MONTE HALE, AREN'T YOU?

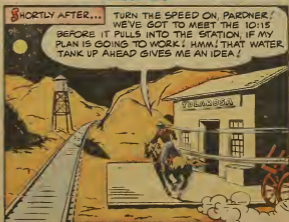
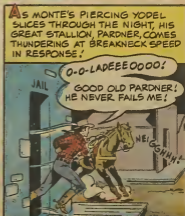
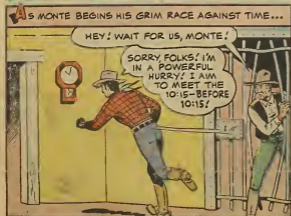
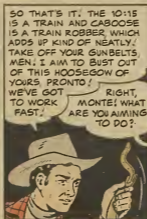


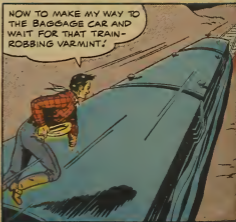
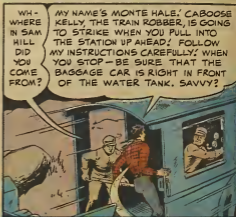
PUT IT THERE, MONTE! EVERYBODY WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI HAS HEARD OF YOU! SURE, MONTE! GO RIGHT AHEAD! I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU PLAY A FEW TUNES MYSELF!

THAT'S MY BRAND!









AS THE 10:15 GRINDS TO A HALT....

REACH
FOR
THE
SKY!

D-DON'T
SHOOT!

THAT'S IT! COVER THE
ENGINEER AND FIREMAN
WHILE THE REST OF US
BUST OPEN THE BAGGAGE
CAR AND GRAB THE GOLD
SHIPMENT! LET'S GO, BOYS!



HERE
THEY
COME!
AT
LAST!

SHOOT THE LOCK
OFF THE DOOR,
BOYS! WITH MONTE
HALE AND ALL THE
LAWMEN CORRALLED
IN THEIR OWN HOOSE-
GOW, WE CAN MAKE ALL
THE NOISE WE WANT!

HA, HA! YOU BURL
ARE MIGHTY SLICK,
CABOOSE! TRICKING
MONTE HALE LIKE
THAT AND BUSTING
US OUT OF JAIL
SO EASY!



DID I HEAR ONE OF YOU FLEA-BITTEN
POLECATS MENTION
MY NAME?



M-MONTE
HALE! GET
HIM, BOYS!

LOOK
OUT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED
OUT WHEN YOU FIRST
CLAPPED EYES ON ME!



BANG!
BANG!

BANG!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU AND
YOUR BOYS WERE CLEANED
UP, CABOOSE!



WHAM! SPLASH!

GULP!

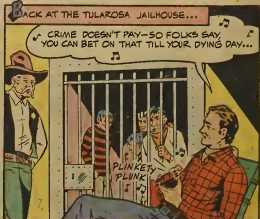
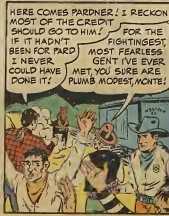
HELP!

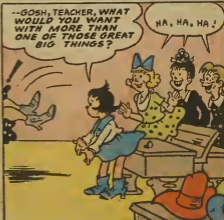
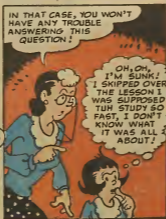
NOW I RECKON I'LL
POLISH YOU SIDE-
WINDERS OFF A BIT!



BIFF!

ARRGHH!

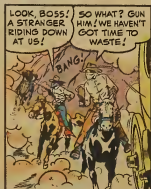




MONTE HALE fights OLD DEVIL DUST!



AS MONTE HURTLING THROUGH THE CLOUD OF DUST...



MONTE HALE WESTERN

BOSS, WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!
THAT BIG HOMBRE IS MONTE
HALE! I'VE
SEEN PICTURES
OF HIM!

MONTE HALE!
WE'D BETTER MAKE
TRACKS! TANGLING
WITH HIM IS PLAIN
SUICIDE!

AS THE MASKED RIDERS
SPUR AWAY...

THE VARMINTS! IN TWO SHAKES
OF A RATTLER'S TAIL,
THEY'LL BE HIDDEN BY
THE DUST! SURE
WANT TO THANK
YOU, MONTE!

GLAD TO
HELP, FRIEND!
BUT TELL ME, WHAT
WERE THEY AFTER?

BLAMED IF I
KNOW! WE'RE
NOT CARRYING
A MONEY BOX
AT ALL—AND
THERE'S JUST ONE
PASSENGER!

JIM BAYLOR'S THE
NAME! I'M A FARMING
AND LAND EXPERT
FROM THE EAST...
AND I'M MIGHTY
GLAD YOU CAME
ALONG WHEN YOU
DID, MONTE!

THE FARMERS AND RANCHERS
AROUND PALO VERDE HIRED ME
TO HELP THEM FIGHT THE DUST
STORMS! THEY'RE
PROBABLY
WAITING FOR
ME IN TOWN
RIGHT NOW!

IF YOU DON'T
MIND, I'LL SASHAY
ALONG WITH YOU,
JIM! THAT ATTACK
ON THE COACH HAS
ME A LITTLE WORRIED!

SOON... HERE'S
THE
COACH NOW, GENTS!
AND I RECKON
THAT MUST BE
OUR FARMING
EXPERT—JIM
BAYLOR!

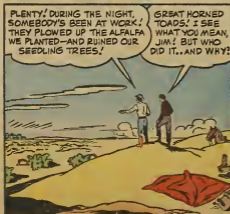
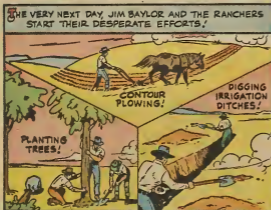
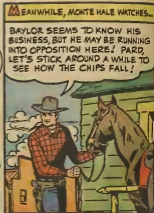
BAH! A LOT
OF GOOD
SOME DUDE
EAS'TERNER
CAN DO! WHAT
WE NEED IS A
LITTLE RAIN!

SORRY WE WERE
HELD UP, BUT SOME
MASKED OUTLAWS
TRIED TO STOP
US—UNTIL MONTE
HALE CHANGED
THEIR MINDS!

THANKS, MONTE!
BAYLOR'S COME
A LONG WAY
TO GET TO
PALO VERDE!

BAYLOR, YOU SEE WHAT IT'S
LIKE HERE! DUST BLOWING ALL THE
TIME... THE GROUND DRY AND HARD...
CROPS DYING... CATTLE STARVING...
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HELP US?

MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE AND JIM VAULT ONTO THEIR HORSES! AT TOP SPEED, THEY RACE TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING...

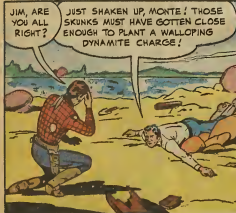
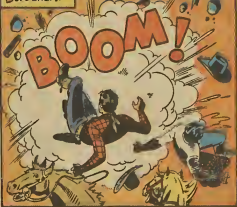
IT'S THE GUARDS WE LEFT AT THE LAKE! THOSE OTHER RIDERS MUST HAVE TRIED TO WRECK THE PIPELINE!

QUICK! LET'S GET AFTER THEM AND FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE!

BANG!



SUDDENLY!

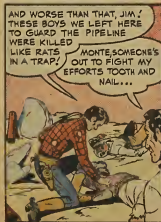


JIM, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST SHAKEN UP, MONTE! THOSE SKUNKS MUST HAVE GOTTEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO PLANT A WALLOPING DYNAMITE CHARGE!



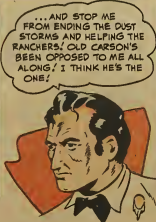
LOOK! THEY'VE WRECKED THE DITCH AND PIPELINE — SMASHED IT AND FILLED IT WITH BOULDERS! IT'LL TAKE US WEEKS TO REBUILD IT! AND MEANWHILE THE WATER'LL RUN OFF, WASTED!



AND WORSE THAN THAT, JIM! THESE BOYS WE LEFT HERE TO GUARD THE PIPELINE WERE KILLED

LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

MONTE, SOMEONE'S OUT TO FIGHT MY EFFORTS TOOTH AND NAIL...



...AND STOP ME FROM ENDING THE DUST STORMS AND HELPING THE RANCHERS! OLD CARSON'S BEEN OPPOSED TO ME ALL ALONG! I THINK HE'S THE ONE!



LET'S GO AFTER HIM!

HOLD ON, JIM! I THINK I SEE SOMETHING THAT GIVES ME A CLUE! I WANT TO INVESTIGATE IT! MEANWHILE, YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR TROUBLE! WHOEVER'S RUNNING THIS SHOW MAY GO FOR YOU NEXT!

JIM'S RIGHT ABOUT CARSON'S BEING OPPOSED TO HIM! BUT THAT CLUE BY THE DITCH MAKES ME WANT TO TRY ANOTHER LEAD! A HORSE'S BRAND WAS IMPRINTED IN THE WET CLAY BANK...WHEN A HORSE PRESSED AGAINST IT!



THE BRAND WAS A BAR-M...JEFF MARKHAM'S IRON! PARD, I'M LEAVING YOU HERE...



...AND DOING A LITTLE INJUN SCOUTING - IN MARKHAM'S RANCHHOUSE OFFICE!



CAUTIOUSLY, MONTE ENTERS THE OFFICE AND EXPLORES THE FILES THERE! THEN...

A TELEGRAM FROM BACK EAST! SO THAT'S THE STORY!



SUDDENLY! SOMEONE COMING UP BEHIND - OOHNN!



THAT DOES IT, MARKHAM! HE'S OUT COLD!

TIE HIM UP AND DUMP HIM DOWN IN THE CELLAR! WITH MONTE HALE OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN FINISH OFF JIM BAYLOR! WE MISSED HIM, THAT TIME HE WAS ON THE COACH...BUT THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE CERTAIN!



MINUTES LATER...

OOOH...MARKHAM SURPRISED ME... SLUGGED FROM BEHIND... TIED... HAND AND FOOT!



THEY MUST HAVE GONE OFF TO KILL JIM BAYLOR! I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE SOMEHOW, TO SAVE HIM! BUT THESE ROPES...



MAYBE THOSE JARS OF JAM WILL HELP ME GET OUT OF THE JAM I'M IN! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THEM WITH MY FEET!



THERE! NOW TO USE THE BROKEN GLASS TO CUT MY ROPES!



SENSE MOMENTS LATER...

C'MON, BOY! GO LIKE THE WIND! JIM BAYLOR'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!



THIS DUST IS BLOWING UP AS THICK PEA SOUP! FASTER, PARD!

NEIGHH!



AT LAST!

QUICK-THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK! MARKHAM AND HIS MEN ARE RIDING UP HERE AFTER YOU! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE DUST THEY'D BE HERE ALREADY! LET'S SCATTER! TAKE SHELTER IN THE BUSHES!



JEFF MARKHAM? NO! MARKHAM'S THE HOMBRE.. BUT I THOUGHT AS YOU'LL SOON SEE! IT WAS CARSON!



MOMENTS LATER...

NOT A SIGN OF LIFE! HE DOESN'T EXPECT TROUBLE! RIGHT! THIS'LL BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL!



BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE SURROUNDING DENSE VEIL OF DUST...

HOLD ON, MARKHAM! RAISE YOUR HANDS! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE SURROUNDED!

WHAT TH— THAT'S HALE'S VOICE!

BLAST HIM!

IT'S NO USE! THE DUST AND THE BUSHES HIDE HIM!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

MEANWHILE, MONTE AND JIM BAYLOR RACE FROM BUSH TO BUSH, TAKING SHOT AFTER SHOT!

I GOT ONE, MONTE!

GOOD! KEEP MOVING— AND KEEP SHOOTING!

BANG!

IT'S NO USE, BOSS; THEY'RE ALL AROUND US—BEHIND EVERY BUSH— AND WE CAN'T SEE THEM!

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! ALL RIGHT, HALE! WE GIVE UP! WE CAN'T FIGHT ALL OF YOU!

JUST TWO OF YOU? WE THOUGHT THERE WERE A DOZEN!

THE DUST HELPED US, MARKHAM! WE KEPT MOVING AROUND... SHOOTING FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!

THEN, ON THE RIDE BACK TO TOWN...

I DON'T GET IT, MONTE! WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT MARKHAM OF CAUSING THE TROUBLE—AND WHERE'D YOU FIND PROOF?

IT WAS THE HORSE'S BRAND I SAW NEAR THE EXPLOSION! IT WAS THE BAR-M, MARKHAM'S IRON! IT MADE ME DECIDE TO LOOK FOR MORE CLUES! THEN, IN HIS OFFICE, I FOUND THIS TELEGRAM FROM THE EAST!

IT SHOWED THAT MARKHAM KNEW THAT THE U.S. ARMY WAS CONSIDERING BUYING THIS LAND FOR AN ORDNANCE PROVING GROUND! HE WANTED TO BUY IT CHEAP, SO HE COULD SELL IT TO THE ARMY AT A PROFIT!

SO THAT'S WHY HE FOUGHT EVERY EFFORT TO IMPROVE THE LAND!

WELL, I'M SURE THAT WHEN THE ARMY LEARNS THAT THIS LAND CAN BE MADE INTO GOOD GRAZING AND FARMING TERRITORY, THEY'LL LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR THEIR PROVING GROUND!

OTAPI HONOR

*A Gray Hawk Yarn**By Dick Kraus*

FOUR Indian youths crouched at the edge of the forest. Each of them was well-built and lithe. Each of them carried a tightly strung bow and a quiverful of feathered arrows. Now, as they waited for the command that would send them into the forest, tall Gray Eagle, chief of the tribe of the Otapi, stepped before them.

His gaze passed from face to face, from Angry Lynx to Running Deer and Little Fox, to that of his own son, Gray Hawk.

"Youths of the Otapi," he said. "Of all the young men of this tribe, you have been chosen as the most courageous and the best hunters. Today, as part of our tribal ritual, you will undergo two tests, to determine which of you is fit to be the leader of the young men of the tribe! First, you will go out on a turkey shoot . . . to test your skill at stalking and shooting. And then, as the sun reaches the top of the trees, you will return to race each other in canoes over the swift waters of the On-Na-Nal. Now go, and Manitou be with you!"

Without a sound, the four boys disappeared into the forest. Running gracefully through the corridors of pine trees, Gray Hawk held his bow in readiness. This would be a real test of the hunting abilities of the other Otapi youths and himself, he knew. And, of all of them, he felt that Angry Lynx would be the most dangerous rival. For Angry Lynx had always been jealous of Gray Hawk's popularity and reputation among the men of the tribe, and he had sworn to defeat him in this contest.

Leaping over a moss-covered log and running through a growth of young birch, Gray Hawk suddenly paused. This, he knew, was a section of the forest where the wild turkeys were accustomed to feed. And, faint on the forest breeze, he could hear their gobbling cries ahead.

Crawling ahead, inch by inch, the Otapi boy saw several turkeys feeding in the clearing ahead of him—their glossy forms iridescent in the sunlight. Scarcely daring to breathe, Gray Hawk fitted a notched shaft

to his bow, drew back the string, and released it.

"Twannngggg-g-g!" The arrow fled through the air and, missed a big tom turkey by two feet! In sudden panic, the flock rose, flapping, from the ground and beat a retreat through the trees! Gray Hawk sent two more arrows whistling after them. Each arrow missed! Soon the wild turkeys were out of sight.

The son of the chief stood there, puzzled. Ordinarily, he would never have missed such an easy shot. But now, against the keen competition of Angry Lynx and the other youths, he had failed.

Quickly, he plunged through the forest again, in pursuit of the turkey flock. He found them, but the story was the same!

Each time he shot, he missed them widely. It was as if he could not aim, as if some invisible hand was before his eyes, blinding him.

Finally, as the sun reached the top of the tallest trees in the forest, Gray Hawk returned, discouraged, to where the elders of the tribe were waiting. The other boys were there already. Running Deer and Little Fox each had two birds, and his arch rival, Angry Lynx, had three fat turkeys. Mutely, Gray Hawk held his empty hands forward, in sign that he had shot none!

Concealing his disappointment at his son's failure, Gray Eagle spoke impassively.

"The second test awaits you, youths of the Otapi. Four canoes lie drawn up at the water's edge. You must race them down the swift waters of the On-Na-Nal to the round pond, where we will wait for you! Now, go!"

Fifteen minutes later, Gray Hawk was poised at the edge of his canoe. Beside him were the other three boys, awaiting the signal from an old warrior of the tribe. The signal would send them plunging down the rapids. The wrinkled lips of the elder parted, and his black eyes gleamed. He raised a hand. "Go!"

As one, the four youths flung their light bark canoes out onto the turbulent stream, springing into them as they did so. Digging

desperately with their paddles, they quickly directed the tossing crafts down the stream!

As he wielded the paddle, Gray Hawk was obsessed by a single idea! He had to win, to prove that the turkey shoot was some terrible mistake, to prove that he was braver and more skillful than any of the other boys—especially Angry Lynx, his rival! So, he swung the paddle furiously, never stopping, keen eyes on the rocks ahead, slamming the canoe into every level stretch of stream with increased vigor, scarcely checking it when danger threatened!

Soon, traveling at a tremendous rate of speed, he forged out in front of the other boys. It began to look as if victory would be his.

Then looking out of the corner of his eye, Gray Hawk saw the canoe of Angry Lynx come slowly into view, directly beside him. The other youth was paddling frantically too! Angry Lynx shouted over at Gray Hawk, "I see you have not yet learned who is the master! Let me show you!" Without warning, he raised his paddle high and aimed a quick, furtive blow at Gray Hawk! Not expecting the surprise attack, Gray Hawk was late in ducking. The paddle caught against the side of his head, stunning him.

Desperately, Gray Hawk kept paddling forward. But Angry Lynx was at his side, and now he boasted, "Ha! You wondered why you missed the turkeys! You should have examined your arrows! I took your quiver before the shoot, and clipped each of the feathers . . . not much, but enough to make them wild by a foot or so!

"And now—" he laughed, "now I will make certain you lose this race too, and that I win!"

Again, he aimed a blow at Gray Hawk. But this time, furious with rage and with the realization that it was the other youth's unfair tactics that had cost him the turkey shoot, Gray Hawk acted quickly. Seizing the blade of his rival's paddle, he twisted it, suddenly and sharply. Losing his balance, Angry Lynx teetered for a moment and then plummeted headlong into the stream. His head slammed hard against a protruding rock, and he sank, unconscious, beneath the waves!

"Justice!" thought Gray Hawk! About to dip his paddle in the waves again for the last long stretch that would bring him down to certain victory in the race, he suddenly paused! The Otapi lived according to a code.

A code that dictated that they would never desert another member of the tribe in peril. It was the honor of the tribe at stake.

Gray Hawk did not hesitate. He dove from his canoe, disappearing beneath the surface. Quickly, his outstretched hands seized the unconscious form of Angry Lynx. As he pulled his cumbersome burden to the shore, two canoes flashed by with Running Deer and Little Fox in them!

An hour later, Gray Hawk stood by his tepee, his face drawn and sad in the evening dusk. He had lost both events of the contest—the turkey shoot because of Angry Lynx's treachery, and the canoe race, because he had stopped to save his hated rival from the waves. He had left him, high on the bank of the On-Na-Na, and had walked away. The contest was lost, and this was not a story that he could tell to his father and the other elders. They would think him a rabbit.

Suddenly, Gray Hawk felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He turned. There was his father, and the other elders! And behind them, Running Deer, Little Fox, and Angry Lynx!

"My son," said Gray Eagle, "we have heard of what happened on the river, and before that, in the turkey shoot. Angry Lynx was ashamed, after you sacrificed your chance to win to save him! So he came to us and told us all. And the other boys told us how you rescued him, so we know it is true."

The chief paused, his face expressionless. "You did not win either one of the contests," he said. "Angry Lynx shot more turkeys, and Little Fox was first in the canoe race. But I have talked with the other elders, and we have decided this: Because you acted with the honor of the tribe foremost in your mind, because you remembered the code of the Otapi, we have all declared you the winner!"

As he spoke, Angry Lynx and the other boys came forward, and real friendship was in their eyes. They gripped Gray Hawk's shoulders, and all four of them knew that henceforth, there would be no rivalry between them. They would all be warriors of the same tribe!

THE END

Follow the perilous adventures of GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.

DOUBLE HEADER TODAY

I GOT THE KNOT HOLE FIRST!

HEY! WHAT AILS PUD? HE MUST BE DUMB!

LOOK! HE'S GOIN' IN JANIE'S HOUSE!

DID YOU BRING THE DUBBLE BUBBLE?

IT'S A 2 BAGGER!

NOT SO DUMB! YOU CAN'T BLOW BUBBLES THROUGH A KNOT HOLE!

WHAT A GUM! DUBBLE BUBBLE SCORES DOUBLE WITH ME EVERY TIME!

BIGGERN BETTER BUBBLES -

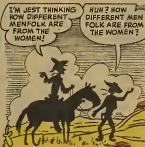
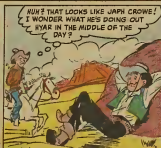
PRICE - A PENNY A PIECE -

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT -

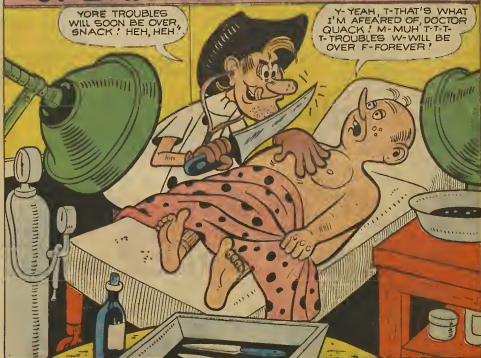
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DUBBLE BUBBLE

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

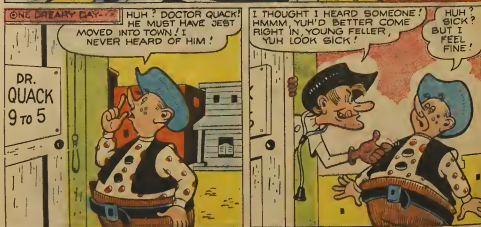


DOCTOR QUACK and SACK in "OPERATION MANIACS"



YORE TROUBLES
WILL SOON BE OVER,
SNACK! HEH, HEH!

Y-YEAH, T-THAT'S WHAT
I'M AFEADED OF, DOCTOR
QUACK! M-MUH T-T-T-
T-TROUBLES W-WILL BE
OVER F-FOREVER!



ONE DREAARY DAY--

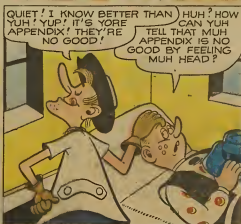
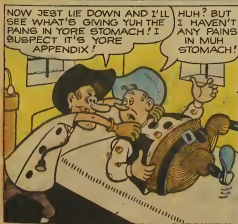
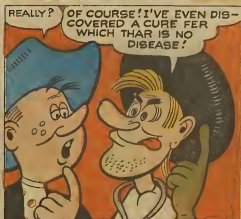
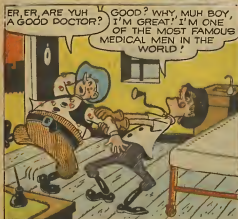
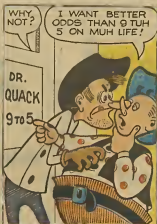
HUH? DOCTOR QUACK!
HE MUST HAVE JEST
MOVED INTO TOWN! I
NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

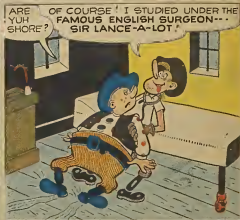
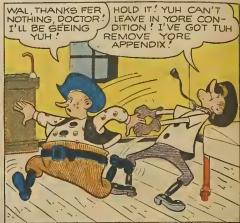
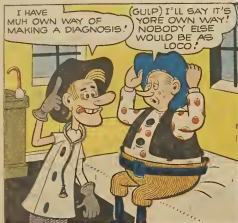
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE!
HMMM, YUH'D BETTER COME
RIGHT IN, YOUNG FELLER,
YUH LOOK SICK!

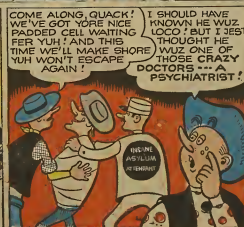
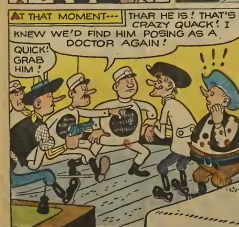
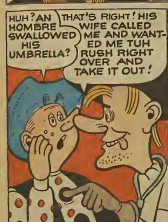
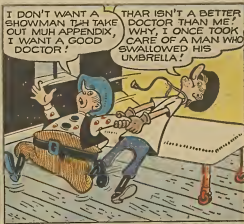
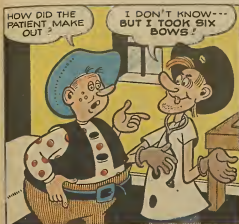
HUH?
SICK?
BUT I
FEEL
FINE!

DR.
QUACK
9 to 5

MONTE HALE WESTERN









CENTURIES AGO, WHEN THE MIGHTY AZTEC EMPIRE WAS SWEEPED AWAY, ITS GRIM, CRUEL GODS WERE FORGOTTEN BY THE MEXICANS.

BUT THEN, IN A REMOTE TERRITORY, THE SAVAGE AZTEC GOD TLALOC RETURNED TO TERRORIZER THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES. RIDE WITH MONTE HALE AS HE GOES GALLOPING DOWN THE GUNSMOKE TRAIL TO A SHOW-DOWN WITH THE MYSTERY OF THE GRIM GOD!

ONE NIGHT, IN AN ARIZONA BORDER TOWN--

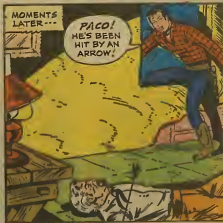
IN A FEW MINUTES, PARDNER, WE'LL LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND THAT URGENT LETTER FROM MY FRIEND, PACO ORTEZ! HE WROTE HE'D BE STAYING AT THE HOTEL AFTER RIDING UP FROM MEXICO TO GET MY HELP!

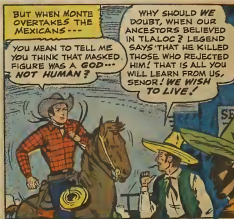
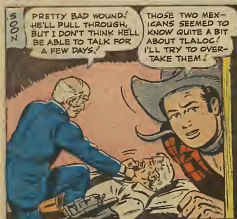
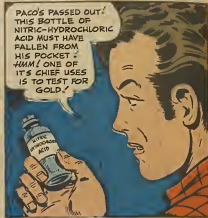


AAAGH! HELP!

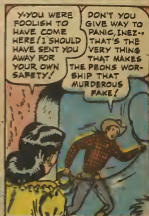
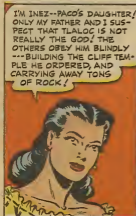
GREAT GUNS! THAT SOUNDS LIKE PACO! LET'S MOVE, PARDNER!

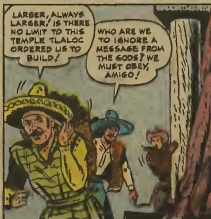
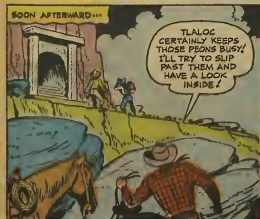
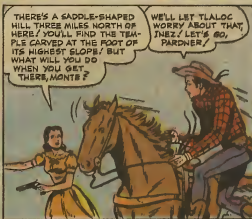
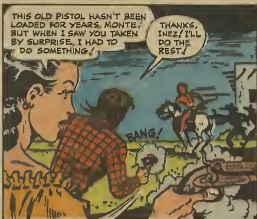
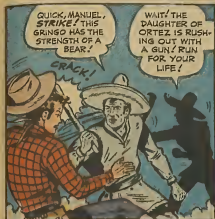












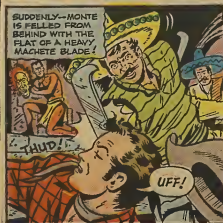
A MOMENT LATER---
IN THE DARK DEPTHS
OF THE TEMPLE---

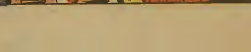
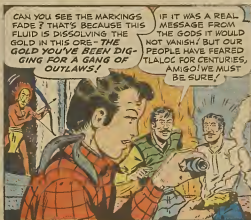
THE PATIO OF THAT
DESERTED HACIENDA
WE'VE TAKEN OVER IS
HEADED WITH ROCK
THOSE FOOLS ARE CARRY-
ING AWAY FOR US! AND
ALL OF IT IS HIGH-
GRADE SYLVANITE!

SYLVANITE!
THOSE PEONS
DON'T KNOW IT,
BUT IT'S A FORM
OF GOLD
ORE!

AND WE'RE SAFE
FROM THE LAW!
THE TEMPLE'S LIKE
A FORT---AND WE'VE
GOT HUNDREDS OF
PEONS READY TO
FIGHT ANYONE IF
IT MEANS PRO-
TECTING TLALOC!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU
THESE MARKINGS ON
THE SYLVANITE WOULD
LOOK LIKE WRITING
TO PEOPLE WHO CAN'T
READ? I TOLD THEM
IT WAS A MESSAGE
FROM THE GODS---
COMMANDING THEM
TO BUILD MY
TEMPLE HERE!





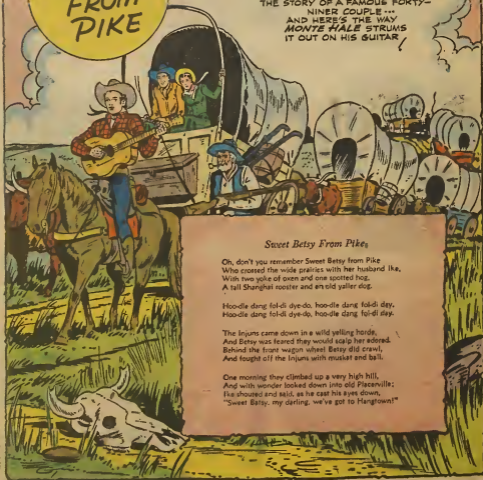
MONTE HALE'S

Cowboy Songs



SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

When word reached the east
about the big gold strike at
Sutter's Mill, thousands of
people set out upon the
California trail/ Over the
plains and Sierra peaks they
travelled on a danger-filled
journey! An old ballad tells
the story of a famous forty-
niner couple ...
and here's the way
Monte Hale strums
it out on his guitar!



Sweet Betsy From Pike

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide prairies with her husband Ike,
With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and an old yaller dog.

Hoodle dang fol-di dye-do, hoodle dang fol-di day,
Hoodle dang fol-di dye-do, hoodle dang fol-di day.

The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,
And Betsy was feared they would scalp her adored.
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
And fought off the Injuns with musket and ball.

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,
And with wonder looked down into old Placerville;
Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown!"

TOM MIX TRADING POST



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SHREDDED RALSTON BOX
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20¢ AND
ONE
SHREDDED RALSTON
BOX TOP**

AN AMAZING, MYSTERIOUS

Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring!



GLOWS LIKE A FEROCIOUS
ANIMAL EYE AT NIGHT

Contains a polonium compound which makes it glow in the dark like an eerie tiger's eye.

Mounted on golden plastic band bearing cat's claw design and Tom Mix brand.

Golden Plastic Bullet TELESCOPE



Keenest thing you've ever seen! Makes objects 4 times larger... look in other end and objects will be 20 times smaller. Handy magnifying glass for detective work... Wonderful secret compartment for maps and messages!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢ AND
ONE
SHREDDED RALSTON
BOX TOP**

Magic Tone SOUND-EFFECTS WHISTLE



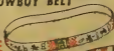
Imitates lots of different kinds of birds... makes "mumble talk"... handy as a secret signal to your friends. Use it to referee or cheer at games.

COLORFUL COWBOY BELT

Luminous Plastic—
Glow in The Dark

**\$1.00 VALUE
for only 20¢**

and 1 SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP



White plastic belt that glows in the dark. Embossed with real Western scenes and brands. Shiny metal buckle, engraved with Tom Mix design, has secret compartment for hiding messages. Adjustable to any child's size. Girls will want it, too.



USE THIS HANDY ORDER-BLANK

TOM MIX Trading Post, Box 775-FW
Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 1, Mo.

DEAR TOM: Enclosed are \$_____ and
SHREDDED RALSTON box tops. Please send the following items
from your Trading Post.

- ____ RCA Toy Television Set and Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring.
____ Golden Plastic Bullet Telescope and Magic-Tone
Sound-Effects Whistle.
____ Luminous Cow Boy Belt

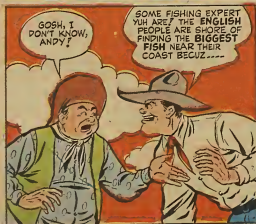
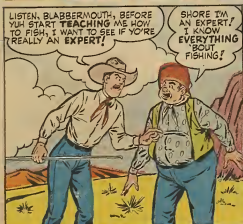
Name _____ (print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Offer good only in U. S. and may be withdrawn at any time. Offer void if this form of merchandising is licensed, restricted or prohibited in your city, county or state.

AMBLING ANDY

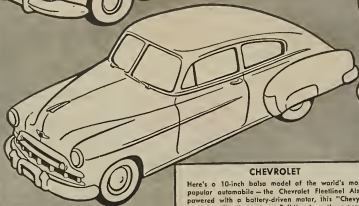
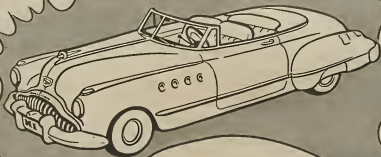


HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

QUICKSAND!

ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."
AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE!

"R.C." AND QUICKIE REIN UP BY A STREAM WHEN QUICKIE'S HORSE IS SUDDENLY STARTLED....



HA!
RIDE 'EM
COWBOY!!

WHO-A-A-A!
YIKES!

QUICKIE...
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
YOU HURT?

NO! BUT...
BUT I CAN'T
MOVE, HELP!
I'M IN
QUICKSAND!



PU-F-F!
I CAN'T GET OUT!
I'M SINKING
DEEPER!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD,
QUICKIE! I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED,
"R.C." SNATCHES AN AX
FROM HIS SADDLE BAG!



I'VE GOT TO
HURRY! LUCKY I
DRANK THAT RC...
I'LL NEED LOADS
OF ENERGY!

"R.C." AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK
BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA!
THEY ENJOY 2 FULL GLASSES IN THE
BIG BOTTLE...AND...RC MAKES YOU
FEEL LIKE NEW!

UM! I'LL SAVE YOU,
QUICKIE! THIS TREE...
GRAB IT WHEN IT
FALLS!

BUT, HURRY! I'M
GOING DOWN!



WACK!
WACK!

YI-P-P-E-E-E!
YOU DID IT, "R.C."!
I'M GETTING OUT!

WHEW!
IT'S GREAT
TO BE BACK
ON DRY LAND
AGAIN!

EXTRA ENERGY CAN MEAN A LOT! SO ENJOY COOL,
REFRESHING RC EVERY DAY! RC MAKES YOU
FEEL LIKE NEW! YES, AND RC IS BEST-BY-
TASTE-TEST, TOO!

YEAH, THAT WAS A
CLOSE CALL! M'M,
BOY, THIS RC MAKES
ME FEEL LIKE
NEW!

